

Chapter 432 Suspicion

Isaac gave a gruff sound.

His eyes were filled with anticipation.

"No," Camila voiced, her head moving from side to side.

This little one didn't belong to them.

Their paths weren't intertwined with this child.

A flicker of disappointment darted across Isaac's gaze before evaporating.

He wrapped his arms around Camila, whispering soothingly, "It's alright. It's alright. He may not be our child, but it's not the end. We can continue our search. Today, there were some promising leads. Stay calm."

Isaac had prepared her for the worst, allowing her to brace for a disappointing outcome. Jaylen wouldn't have showed them the child so boldly if it was theirs.

And Isaac was right.

But the disappointment still stung.

The thought of her child being tortured terrified her.

As a doctor, maintaining composure was crucial.

She gathered her wits swiftly.

She turned to Alick, instructing, "Return the baby to Jaylen."

If this child wasn't theirs, it didn't need to linger here.

"Does the baby belong to Jaylen then?" Alick queried.

Camila didn't do the test.

And there would be no point even if she had.

As she spoke, her eyes sought Isaac's, silently querying his thoughts.

He remained quiet.

His mind seemed busy with thought.

"Isaac," she called out.

Isaac snapped out of his reverie, whispering to Camila, "Head home. I'll take care of things here."

Following a moment's pause, she didn't protest. "Alright."

"The driver is outside. Ask him to drive you home," he said.

Camila indicated the location of the baby and departed.

Once she was gone, Isaac beckoned Alick, instructing, "Find out where Jaylen and his wife were for the past two months. Determine if the baby is indeed theirs."

Alick acknowledged, "Alright."

After a brief pause, he asked, "Mr. Johnston, what's your suspicion?"

Isaac's face hardened. "I suspect Jaylen is merely toying with us this time."

Jaylen was testing their reaction using the child as bait.

Alick retrieved the sleeping baby. Due to the drugs in its system, it didn't stir when Alick picked it up.

"So we let Jaylen go for now?"

Isaac ordered, "Assign someone to keep an eye on him discreetly."

"Yes, sir," Alick answered respectfully.

At eight o'clock in the evening.

Isaac's grand party was set on a cruise ship.

Harrell and his team attended, but Josiah was absent due to his wife's illness.

Forrest was also present.

The spacious table could easily accommodate twenty guests, giving the assembled crowd plenty of room.

Exquisite dishes made from luxurious ingredients were served.

The aroma of the mouthwatering feast permeated the air.

Although Camila was preoccupied, she maintained her manners, welcoming the guests with a radiant smile.

She was indebted to these individuals.

Thanks to their help, Joe was recovering swiftly.

Today's gathering was to convey her heartfelt appreciation.

Harrell dismissed the praise. "It was nothing, really."

Camila expressed her gratitude, saying, "You went without proper meals, sleep, and dedicated days in the lab to help save my boy. Your hard work is truly appreciated, and I thank you."

She initiated a toast and everyone rose to their feet.

No one dared to offend her or cause discomfort.

Especially with Isaac's presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, Camila emptied her wine glass.

The others followed suit.

Isaac, too, was immensely grateful.

They had saved his son.

He was generous, gifting each a sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Initially, they were hesitant to accept, but seeing Harrell graciously

accept, they relented.

They understood this was Isaac and Camila's unique way of expressing gratitude.

Forrest felt like an outsider.

He hadn't contributed much.

He was simply here for the food.

Quietly, he slipped away.

He stood on the deck, taking in the cool, fresh air.

Isaac had booked the entire cruise restaurant.

Aside from the invited guests and crew, there were no others aboard.

The tranquility was only disrupted by the chilling wind. As he turned to retreat, he spotted...